

TAILOR MADE GOWNS

OLIVE HARPER SAYS THEY HAVE COME TO STAY.

Like-wise She Pauses to Drop a Tear Over the Waning Glory of Summer and Haves Over the Fluffy Dress of a Fresh Girl. The Coming Styles.

[Special Correspondence.]
New York, Aug. 16.—Something is gone from the trees, and something has escaped from the grass and flowers—something so intangible that none can tell just what it is or when it went, but the fullness of the summer glory is among the things we miss with a regret that is almost a sorrow. There is a rusty shade upon all herbage, deepening every day, and soon we will be looking at bare branches tossing wild arms up into the sky with winter's winds. But while there is still enough of green to make a background let us wear our dainty dresses and make the most of them. Such pretty dresses as



we have this summer are a delight to the eye of the beholder and a source of inner comfort to the wearer second to nothing else on earth.

Just look at a slim young girl in the first freshness and beauty of her youth and note how dainty and fine she looks in a blue and white dotted organdie. The skirt is plain and gathered. There is a wide blue moire sash that fastens in the back with a dark blue enameled buckle and is drawn to a point in front with another. The beige waist is cut out over a guirpoe of blue silk muslin laid in accordion plaits. The sleeves are made of the same in a series of plaited puffs. The girl looks like a tender blue forget-me-not in her dainty gown, and her proper place is in a garden among the other flowers. Another garden gown is of sheer and fine cream challie, with a printed pattern of a straggling vine with tiny pale pink blossoms and delicate green leaves around the skirt. The waist is a blouse of reseda green surah, with windmill bows to match, set in such a manner as to draw the silk back to show the vest front of challie. The upper sleeves are of surah, and the forearm pieces are of the figured challie. The parasol is of reseda surah, with a cream lace border, and it is lined on the inside with shell pink florentine. The hat worn with this gown is trimmed plainly with loops of reseda surah and is so arranged on purpose not to detract from the flowerlike beauty of the gown, while the parasol gives a delicately suggestive background to the face. Two better designed dresses for summer wear could not be found.

The russet tinge on the leaves hints of approaching fall and tells us that now is a good time to plan out our early fall wardrobes. I can tell everybody one thing that "is bound to come true," as the fortune tellers say, and that is tailor made dresses have come to stay, and everybody must have one. A new design from London has several salient features and is better adapted to general requirements than the most of them are. This gown is made of the cheviot serge so popular last season. Some improvements have been made in the weave this year, and the coloring is superb. Some new blue tints have been evolved that have a grayish overbloom that makes them ideal in color. All tailor gowns must to look well be of subdued color, and blue has never until now been produced in a proper tint for this style of gown.

The outfit of which I speak is laid in double box plait in the back and has two rows of black soutache all around



TAILOR SUIT FOR FALL.
The bottom in the back. In the front across the bottom of the front bodice is a pretty pattern worked with the black soutache, and there is an opening on the right side 18 inches deep, also ornamented with braiding. The basque is braided in a similar manner down the front and on to the back and has soutache sewed on in a manner to simulate pieces sewed on to the basque. The newest style is not to have a middle seam down the back, and the basque therefore has but five pieces—two fronts, two side bodies and one back. The sleeves and collar are braided in the same design. To wear with this elegant costume there is a short double military cape, the two capes having each one row of braid, and the upper one braiding in each corner like that on the rest of the suit. The capes are lined with cherry red surah, and the turndown collar is half covered with velvet.

OLIVE HARPER.

A DREAM AND A VISION



YOU love me, Marguerite! Then, nothing shall part us; nothing but death!"
Mark Thornton drew the graceful figure close to his breast, and the golden head rested tenderly there, while Marguerite Clyde's tender heart beat madly—throbbed so wildly with its joy and rapture that it seemed as if it would break.

"Nothing but death!" she repeated, lifting her shy, blue eyes to her lover's noble face. "Oh, Mark, pray that we both may have long, long, years to be happy in! The thought of giving you up is more bitter to me than death."

"You need never give me up, my sweetheart!" he returned. "This parting is only for a brief time; then we shall meet again, never to separate while we both shall live. Trust me, Rita; I will be true and faithful—true and faithful!"

She shivered slightly, as though a cold wind was chilling her delicate frame, and clung closer to her lover. She was so frail, this little snowdrop—fair and delicate as a flower. Over her life there hung the shadow of an awful doom, for the deadly blight of consumption had already ventured to touch her fragile body.

There were those among her friends who believed that Marguerite Clyde was not long for this world. Her parents had both succumbed to the dread scourge; a brother and sister had also crossed the soundless sea which washes the shores of eternity; and it had come to be believed, tacitly, that she, too, would eventually be stricken down. She was in a decline, the physician had wisely decided, and must have change of air and scene. A journey to the south of France was prescribed, and a wealthy relative, Mrs. Dallas, had offered to accompany the young invalid thither. So, it was all arranged, and on the morrow Marguerite was to sail on the steamship New York. And Mark Thornton was saying good-by to her. Ah! it was hard—bitterly hard to let her go so far away from him, and know that they might never meet again; to carry a sad heart in his breast all day, and lie awake at night to grieve over the enforced separation. A feeling of desolation, too terrible for expression, crept into the young man's breast. If he could only accompany his loved one! But that was impossible. All their future, should she be spared to him, depended upon his efforts. He was working early and late, to make a home—a pretty home—for his darling; and Marguerite would not listen to his proposal to accompany her and Mrs. Dallas.

"No, dear," she had said, gently and decidedly. "I will go with Aunt Dallas; but you must remain at home, and when I come back to you—for I will return, dear—we will be so happy! Be brave, Mark, and let me go, and I will come back to you well and strong."

"Heaven grant it!" he cried fervently, "but oh, Rita, I feel such a strange foreboding of evil. I am not really superstitious; but I have an impression—a premonition of impending sorrow."

"Nonsense!" she cried, with a sunny smile; but the smile was somewhat ghostly and vanished like a wraith. "Do not give way to superstitious fancies," she added, "they are unworthy of you!"

And then Mrs. Dallas appeared upon the scene—a kindly, motherly woman—who insisted that Marguerite was making too heavy draughts upon her strength by this interview with her lover, and so contrived to shorten the parting scene.

The next day the New York steamed out of the harbor, with Marguerite and Mrs. Dallas on board, and Mark Thornton waving a last farewell to the two figures standing upon deck.

He watched the vessel until it was out of sight, then turned away, a feeling



of sadness lying upon his heart like a stone.

"I shall never see her again, my poor, lost darling," he said, hopelessly. "I feel it, know it! Oh, Rita! Rita! my heart will break. This parting is more than I can bear!"

But he was a man, with a man's strong heart and capacities for endurance; so he went back to his lonely room and the daily grind of the office, and time dragged by.

A letter came at last from the travelers. They had arrived safely in Southampton, and were to speed by rail to the terminus of their journey.



FOR THE GARDEN PARTY.

Rita was as well as usual, only very tired and weak. The letter brought a tiny ray of sunlight into his lonely heart, and gave him courage for the future.

Many weeks went by, and at last letters ceased to come. One night, in the silence and darkness of his lonely chamber, Mark Thornton awoke from a troubled dream. A dream in which he had seen his loved one lying cold and dead before him—her blue eyes closed forever, the white hands folded.

He awoke with a nervous start, to find the corner of the room opposite his bed, brightly illuminated. With a stifled exclamation he started up, and there before him faintly outlined against the wall, a figure was dimly visible. It looked like the figure of a woman; and as he sat with dilated eyes fastened upon the apparent apparition, he was startled by the sound of a voice—a low, quivering voice, sighing upon the silence, like the wail of a wind-harp:

"Mark!" it said in impetuous accents: "my beloved. I have come back to you!"

And there in that strange, weird light, he caught a glimpse of a face: a pale, wan face; with an unearthly light upon it, and great, sad blue eyes, and a cloud of sunny hair streaming over graceful shoulders. The face of Marguerite Clyde—the love of his life.

Trembling, agonized, he sprang to his feet, and rushed to the corner of the room where the figure had seemed to be. But it was gone—no trace of any living creature.

His window stood open; he went over to it and leaned upon the sill, and let the cool night breezes fan his troubled brow. She was dead, Rita—his Rita—he felt certain of it. She was dead and her freed spirit had come to him as she had so often declared that she would come—to look upon his face once more. Stunned, paralyzed with intense suffering, Mark Thornton sank upon his knees before the open window and prayed for help and comfort. He was weak and nervous, and to his troubled heart the vision appeared so real—the sound of her voice so palpable—that he could not shut out from his heart the conviction that the woman he loved was no more.

All night he walked the floor of his room, his head bowed, his heart bleeding with bitter anguish. It was so cruel! He had worked and striven bravely. At home all was ready at last for his darling; and now, right in the moment of his victory when fortune had smiled upon him, and all the world seemed fair and cloudless, she must die.

In vain did he reason with the strange superstitious fancy. It had taken root in his mind, and added to the vague uneasiness was a more tangible trouble.

He had not received a letter from Marguerite in many days. It must be true, then, she was dead; and—oh, heaven! how could he ever learn to live without her?

Morning dawned upon as terrible a night as man ever passed through. With the morning came an urgent summons to another city, a business summons. He left on the first train, and ten days elapsed before his return home. All this time he suffered intensely—acutely.

She was dead; he was positive of it. The thought plunged his soul into the blackness of despair.

He returned home at last, and, once in his office, the first object that greeted him was a cablegram. He dared not open it—his heart failed him—his hand shook. Pale and trembling he stood holding the fatal document in his hand, when there was a rap at the office door. His lips moved, but no sound escaped them; the knob turned, the door opened.

Oh! he glanced up and a wild cry escaped him. Was he mad? There, before him, standing upon the threshold framed in by the open door, was Marguerite—his Marguerite! Upon her cheeks the faint tinge of returning health; the pallor and languor gone; in short, no longer an invalid, but perfectly restored.

Words cannot portray that meeting. The cablegram, which had been waiting for him for ten days, had announced her intention of sailing upon the steamer Granada, returning home, with restored health—home to her loved one.

And from that day to this, Mark Thornton maintains a discreet silence whenever the subject of spiritual manifestations is mentioned. He is convinced that they are all optical deceptions, and delusions, and snares.

REDUCED RATES TO WASHINGTON.

Grand Encampment of the Knights of Pythias of the World.
The biennial encampment of the Supreme Lodge and grand encampment of the Knights of Pythias of the world will be held at the National Capital August 28th to September 5th.

For this occasion the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Co. will sell round trip tickets from all points on its lines, August 22nd to 26th inclusive, valid for return trip until September 8th; a further extension of time to September 15th can be secured, provided the ticket is deposited with the joint agent at Washington, D. C., on or before September 6th.

The round trip rate from Chicago will be \$17.50, and correspondingly low rates from other points. Tickets will also be sold at all principal points throughout the west and north-west. No matter where you start from, ask for tickets via B. & O. For information in detail, Address L. S. Allen, Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Grand Central Passenger Depot, Chicago, Ills.

Tours in the Rocky Mountains.
The "Scenic Line of the World," the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, offers to tourists in Colorado, Utah and New Mexico the choicest resorts, and to the trans-continental traveler the grandest scenery. Double daily train service with through Pullman sleepers and tourists' cars between Denver and San Francisco and Los Angeles. For descriptive pamphlets address S. K. Hooper, G. P. A., Denver, Col.

Rudy's Pile Suppository is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send stamp for circular and free sample to Martin Rudy, Lancaster, Pa. For sale by all first-class druggists, and in Topeka by W. R. Kennedy, corner Fourth and Kansas avenues.

A Beautifier For Ladies.
Everybody admires a beautiful complexion. Ladies who have used the celebrated Elder Flower Cream, recommend it as the greatest complexion beautifier in the market. It is used by society ladies. For sale by J. K. Jones.

The Crowning Beauty of Woman
Is a luxuriant growth of hair. Beggs Hair Renewer is guaranteed to give satisfaction, as it is purely a vegetable preparation, and acts directly on the roots of the hair. Sold and warranted by W. R. Kennedy.

Are You Troubled With Constipation or Sick Headache? If so, why not try Beggs' Little Giant Pill? It only takes one pill a day; forty pills in a bottle. One bottle will cure you, and only costs 25 cents. Sold and warranted by W. R. Kennedy.

Shirts mended by the Peerless.
Washington, D. C. and Return. SANTA FE ROUTE.
One fare for the round trip. Tickets sold August 23 and 24.

Headache is the direct result of indigestion and Stomach Disorders. Remedy these by using De Witt's Little Early Risers and your Headache disappears. The favorite Little Pill everywhere. J. K. Jones.

Have You Tried Beggs' German Salve For Piles? If not, why not? Can you afford to suffer longer for the sake of 25 cents. This is the price of the greatest salve on the market. Sold and warranted by W. R. Kennedy.

Silver Leaf vinegar remains in the front. It is the best table and pickling vinegar. Ask your grocer for it and take no other. It is the cheapest.

Try Phillips' mineral water. It is considered the finest water for the stomach. 612 W. Eighth avenue. Try it.

Peerless Steam Laundry—Peerless Steam Laundry.

Daily Mass Meetings.
No Grieving, no Nausea, no Pain, when De Witt's Little Early Risers are taken. Small Pill. Best Pill. Best Pill. J. K. Jones.

Needles for every sewing machine made in the world, can be had at Babcock & Frost's, 701 Kansas ave.

The State Journal's Want and Miscellaneous columns reach each working day in the week more than twice as many Topeka people as can be reached through any other paper. This is a fact.

Do You Play
The piano? If you don't it will pay you to rent one and learn at Babcock & Frost's 701 Kansas ave.

Having purchased F. W. Whittier's interest in the firm, we are prepared to give the people of Topeka the best market affords. WHITNEY & SON, 780 Kansas ave.

Hall's Hair Renewer renders the hair lustrous and silken, gives it an even color and enables women to put it up in a great variety of styles.

112 and 114 West 8th, Peerless Steam Laundry.
Topeka Drug Co. is ready for business.

WESTERN FOUNDRY AND MACHINE WORKS,

ESTABLISHED 1875.

FORMERLY

Topeka Foundry and Machine Works,

ESTABLISHED 1868.

R. L. COFRAN, Proprietor.

MANUFACTURER OF STEAM ENGINES, MILL MACHINERY, SHAFTING, PULLEYS, GEARINGS, FITTINGS, ETC.

Write for Prices. TOPEKA, KAS.



MANUFACTURE ALL STYLES SHIRTS TO ORDER.

We have just received the FINEST LINE of Summer Shirts ever shown in Topeka. CALL AND SEE THEM.

IN CONNECTION WITH

TOPEKA STEAM LAUNDRY. E. M. WOOLGER, Mgr. 625 JACKSON STREET.

PIANOS AND ORGANS

513 KANSAS AVENUE.

If you wish to buy or rent a first class new or second-hand PIANO or ORGAN, upon the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS, call upon us.

We have secured the services of a first class PIANO POLISHER and REPAIRER and are prepared to repolish all kinds of musical instruments, furniture, etc.

REPAIRING SOLICITED.

CONRON BROS.

WASHBURN COLLEGE.

Located at Topeka, Kansas. Admits both sexes. Expenses reasonable. Collegiate and Academic courses of study. Normal course. Six buildings. A library of over 6,000 volumes. Fine reading room. Departments of Art, Music, Education, Surveying, Natural Science, Ancient and Modern Languages. Thoroughness in all lines of instruction. Fall term opens September 12.

PETER MOVICAR, President.

ARTHUR MASSEY, Practical Horse-Shoer



213 WEST FIFTH ST. Telephone 498. TOPEKA, KANSAS. Horses with diseased feet skillfully treated. Track and road shoeing a specialty.

SOLID THROUGH TRAINS FROM Kansas City and St. Joseph TO ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO, OMAHA, PEORIA, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS.

ONLY ONE CHANGE OF CARS TO THE ATLANTIC COAST.

THE BEST LINE FOR New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington.

NORTH AND EAST. D. O. IVES, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis.

Prescott & Co. will remove to No. 118 West Eighth this month.

For instance, Mrs. Chas. Rogers, of Bay City, Mich., accidentally spilled scalding water over her little boy. She promptly applied De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve, giving instant relief. It's a wonderfully good salve for burns, bruises, sores, and a sure cure for Piles. J. K. Jones.

"There is a Salve for every wound." We refer to De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve, cures burns, bruises, cuts, indolent sores, as a local application in the nostrils it cures catarrh, and always cures piles. J. K. Jones.

Buy your drugs at 612 Kan. ave.

One word describes it—"perfection." We refer to De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve, cures obstinate sores, burns, skin diseases and is a well known cure for piles. J. K. Jones.

Positive Guarantee! Snow's Pine Expectorant cures coughs and colds. Contains wild cherry and white pine barks and tar. For sale by all druggists. Price 25 and 50c bottle.

A satisfied customer is a permanent one. That's why we recommend De Witt's Early Risers. They cure constipation, indigestion and Biliousness. J. K. Jones.

HIRAM HULSE, FLORIST

Corner Elmwood and Willow Avenues, Potwin Place, TOPEKA, KANSAS. Grows and sells plants. Makes a specialty of cut flowers. Does all kinds of floral work in a first-class manner. TELEPHONE 498.

Smoke Klauer's Silk Edge



No. 835 KANSAS AVE. No. 835 NORTH TOP KA No. 835

Now is the time, and W. H. WOODS' Hardware Store is the place to buy your

POULTRY NETTING.

TOPEKA TRANSFER COMPANY, 509 Kan. Ave. Tele. 329. P. P. BAUGH, Prop.

BIRNEY'S Catarrh Powder

Relieves Catarrh and Cures in the Road Instantly by one application. Cures Head Noises & DEAFNESS. Call or write for circular. 1208 Kansas Temple, Chicago. Trial treatment or sample free. Sold by druggists, 50c.

NATIONAL STABLES.



First-class Livestock. Boarders a specialty. Telephone 46. J. C. GILBERT, 906 Jackson Street. Fresh.

ICE CREAM As you like it. J. K. Jones, Druggist, 201 KANSAS AVE.

ARCHITECT. JOSEPH MARSHALL, Architect and Superintendent, 1004 KANSAS AVENUE.